

# C U P I D's BEE-HIVE:

O R,

## The STING of LOVE.

1486. cc. 8.

Translated from BONEFONIUS,

By several Hands. With Some Original Poems.

- I. The PEER and the MAIDENHEAD.
- II. FRUITION in a DREAM.
- III. The *Withered* PUNK.
- IV. Female Ambition.
- V. The ANGLERS. A Ballad.
- VI. AN ODE on St. CECILIA's Day. Now  
first publish'd from the Original

By Mr. A D D I S O N.



L O N D O N: Printed for E. CURL, at the  
Dial and Bible over against Catherine-Street, in  
the Strand, M.DCCXXI. Price 1s. 6d.

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OLD

The Sting of Love.



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B O N E F O N I U S.

B A S. VI.

Resolving to be constant to his  
MISTRESS. Inscib'd to *Matthæw  
Bruyere*, Chancellor of *Paris*.

By Mr. F O X T O N.

*Quid tu me indomitum, Brueri, compescere  
amorem, &c.*

Spite of Advice my burning Passions reign,  
Unbounded Love disdains the servile  
Chain,  
While fiercest Raptures rush thro' every pant-  
ing Vein.

Alas, 'tis hard, to sooth the raging Mind,  
 Or hide a Meteor blazing in the Wind;  
 Can I, unmov'd, the blooming Maid survey?  
 Whose brilliant Eyes, a Thousand Charms  
     display,  
 And liquid Pearl makes all the Chrystal Gay.  
 Her heaving Breasts, with snowy Beauties shine,  
 Her noble Air, her Mien, appear Divine;  
 Adown her Neck her Golden Tresses flow,  
 And waving Sweets with matchless Lustre glow,  
 At such a Sight, what Stoic can refrain,  
 From thrilling Pleasure, and delightful Pain?  
 Transported then, to her Embrace, I fly,  
 Grasp her soft Breast, and languish in her Eye;  
 O'er her fair Cheeks, with eager Kisses rove,  
 And leave behind, the glowing Marks of Love;  
 Her flowing Hair, with ardent Lips, I press,  
 And her bright Eyes, with tend'rest Passion Kiss;

Such

Such Joys, to Royal Glories, I prefer,  
 And all the Trophies of Triumphant War.  
 May that Wretch perish, whose Affection's mean,  
 And can with faint Desires invoke the *Cyprian*-  
 Queen ;  
 No Husband's Jealousie, no Mother's Care,  
 Can from my Arms detain the lovely Fair.  
 Let sneering Jesters make my Love their Theme,  
 And rudely banter my unrival'd Flame ;  
 Such sawcy Censures I can well despise,  
 Nor dread the Flashes of revengeful Eyes,  
 Let Temples, Theatres, and shady Groves,  
 Alike be conscious, to our mutual Loves ;  
 Thus, when of old, the Golden Virgin reign'd,  
 Our happy Fathers constant Bliss maintain'd,  
 In flow'ry Meads with wanton Beauties play'd,  
 And found a Joy, in every checquer'd Shade,



With jocund Song charm'd all the opening Flow-  
ers,

And merry Tales prolong'd the flying Hours ;  
No Fears, to damp their budding Pleasures, rose,  
When ev'ry Thought, in amorous softness, flows ;  
Let others o'er their Passions cast a Veil,  
And their fond Thoughts with little Arts conceal ;  
This gen'rous Freedom, still I'll greatly prize,  
And tell my Flame to conscious Earth and Skies ;  
Bright *Venus*, if to worship at thy Shrine,  
Be deem'd a Vice, that Vice is sure Divine ;  
Since *Jove* himself first in the List appears,  
And each inferior God, thy mighty Power re-  
veres ;

The fair *Chioni* was by *Phorbis* lov'd,  
And *Ariadne's* Charms the jolly *Bacchus* mov'd.  
Who has not heard of *Jove's* prodigious Rape,  
Love made the Monarch take a Brutal Shape.

O'er



O'er swelling Seas, the trembling *Virgin* rode,  
Nor could the Waters quench the Passion of a  
*God.*

The great *Alcides* threw his Arms aside,  
When Am'rous Glances sunk his Martial Pride;  
Let then, my *Dear*, our mutual Passions rise,  
Constant and Bright as Those above the Skies.



\*\*\*\*\*  
**B A s. XIII.** *Wherein he introduceth a Comparison between his Mistress and a Comet.*

*Qualiter exoriens ferali crine Cometes, &c.*

**A**s Comets sweeping with a fiery Train,  
 Threaten Destruction o'er the gazing  
 Plain;

Unwonted Horror blazes from afar,  
 Plagues, Woes, and Dearth, and certain Ills  
 appear

And the grim Visage of a Gloomy War.

So when my *Cælia* sends a darting Ray,  
 To shade the Glories of the Prince of Day;

The

The Eyes and Hearts of every wondring Swain,  
Gush out with Tears, and throb with inward  
Pain,

Fires, Woes, and Wars, and Death attend her  
cold Disdain.



B A S. III. *Wherein he envys the  
Happinefs of his Mistress's  
Lapdog.*

*Quis barbatule, quis tuam Catelle, &c.*

**H**ail happy Darling, Rival of my Blifs,  
Who would not envy thee the Joys of this  
Whom ſhe, with twice ten Thouſand Charms  
poſſeſt,

Vouchſafes a Lodging in her tender Breſt.

Whom the bright Goddeſs of my Wiſhes warms

Within the Circle of her bending Arms,

With



With whose Caresses evermore she Joys,  
 Pleas'd with the Sport, and tempted with her  
 Choice.

Thee, so she pampers, with exceeding Care,  
 Stay she at home, or walk abroad for Air.  
 At home, abroad your presence is desir'd,  
 And her chief Partner, in the way requir'd.  
 Whatever costly Banquets, she attend,  
 Dear little *Shock*, is still her Bosom Friend,  
 Then here and there, she serves her welcome  
 Guest,  
 With all the choicest Dainties of the Feast.

When Hunger's fled, a new transporting Scene  
 Of Bliss, is open'd to her dear *La Chene* ;  
 Now heavenly *Nectar* from her Breasts you sip,  
 Now suck the moisture from her balmy Lip.



So wond'rous lavish of her Joys she's grown;  
 Which her dear Minion must possess alone:  
 None such, *Catullus* from his *Lesbia* drew,  
 The mighty Parent of the Kissing Crew.  
 What choicer Blessings can Dear *Shock* require,  
 Or what more tempting Moments e'er desire;  
 Here, Viands flow, from every dainty Dish,  
 There, all the Raptures that a Dog can wish.

But lovely *Celia*, still does something lend,  
 For which great *Jove*, would from his Skies  
 descend,  
 Admits thee Partner of her Virgin Charms;  
 To Sport and Revel in her folded Arms.

Happy, oh doubly happy, Thou'lt be said,  
 Thus to be claspt, by such a Charming Maid.

Who would not envy Thee, thy pleasing Fate,  
Since 'tis a Sin, to wish a sweeter State.

*The PEER and the MAIDENHEAD :*

Or,

The 27th Ode of the 3d Book of *Horace*, Imitated.

*Impios parva recinentis Omen  
Ducat, &c.*

I.

**M**AY noisy *Teagues* affront the Jades,  
Who go to carry on their Trades,  
At *Belvidere's*, or *Fox-Hall*;  
And may eternal *Billingsgate*,  
Be those unlucky *Swinger's* Fate,  
Who in *Coition* Pox-All.

II. May

## II.

May *Drury-Nymphs* meet *Sailor's Cares*,  
 And once in earnest say their Pray'rs,  
 When tost by raging Billows;  
 May *Mantua-Makers*, when got loose  
 Meet the severest *Tongue-abuse*,  
 Of Smutty-talking Fellows.

## III.

But *Phillis* Thou (might I advise)  
 Should'st, by Example, be more Wife,  
 Than once to go on Board;  
 Nor heed what thy *Old Aunt* will say,  
 When she to *Kingston*, for a Day,  
 Would go to see my Lord.



IV.

In vain upon the *Silver Thames*,  
 The *Pleasure-Boat* divides the Streams,  
 With Oars and Sails made *Gaudy*;  
 Since ev'ry Tongue has License free,  
 Each *School-Boy* has a Liberty,  
 To vent his Wit in *Bawdy*.

V.

A *Tradesman's Wife*, perhaps o'th' City,  
 Might like this Way of being Witty,  
 To hear what People can say;  
 And when she hears a *Smutty Joke*,  
 Straight her *Imagination's* struck,  
 It tickles Madam's Fancy.



## VI.

Don't you remember *Betty Brown*,  
 Whilome a mighty Toast in Town,  
 Tho' now of scanty Fame;  
 How first her *Grand-Mother* convey'd her,  
 On Board a pair of Oars, and made her  
 In *Surrey* do---that same?

## VII.

The *Bar*d, indeed, had much ado,  
 To make th' *untoward Thing* come too,  
 Spight of her *Patron's* Bounties;  
 But she bethought her 'twas an *Earl*,  
 And where's that un-ambitious Girl,  
 That wou'd not *Nose* a *Countess*.

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 In *Surrey* do that same?

## VII.

The *Bawd*, indeed, had much ado,  
 To make th' untoward Thing come too,  
 Spight of her *Patron's* Bounties;  
 But she bethought her 'twas an *Earl*,  
 And where's that un-ambitious Girl,  
 That wou'd not Nose a *Countess*.

## VIII. But



## VIII.

But when his *Lordship* had bereft her  
 Of all *he'd have*, he fairly left her,  
 Possess'd with *Thousand Furies*,  
 First cursing *One*, and then the *Other*,  
 She spar'd nor *Him*, nor her *Grand-Mother*,  
 But call'd her *damn'd Procurefs*.

## IX.

I guess, I thought what he would do,  
 And yet your *Point* you would pursue,  
 Fresh Arguments still urging;  
 Your *Reasons* sure were very Good,  
 Thus to seduce your *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
 And ruin a *Poor Virgin*.



## X.

But am I sure that *He* has don't?

Oh! Yes, I was not dreaming on't;

I feel my curst Condition;

Alas! these *Lords* are full of Danger;

And many a One has brought a *Stranger*;

To lodge with foul Physician.

## XI.

Had I the *Ugly Monster* here,

His *Flesh* I'd scratch, his *Face* I'd tear;

And maul him till he cry'd out;

Yet still to my *Rèvenge* I'd hold,

And with the *Part* he's been so bold,

I'd *Piss* his gloating *Eyes* out.

XII. *Fool,*

XII.

*Fool*, that I was! to leave the *Cits*;  
 The pert young Airy *Would-be-Wits*;  
 To follow *Lords* to *Lambeth*!  
 And Thou, Thou *Monster*, most abhor'd;  
 To trust the *Promise of a Lord*!  
 I freely wish you damn'd Both!

XIII.

Now I may Curse, and Rave, and Swear;  
 And beat my Breasts, and tear my Hair;  
 And all *Hell's Plagues* invoke up;  
 But vain and fruitless All would be,  
 For who will ever care for me,  
 When once they hear *I'm broke up*?

XIV. Sooner

XIV.

Sooner than I'll sit Masqu'd i'th' *Pit*,

The *Butt* of ev'ry noisy *Wit*,

And prating *Jack-a-dandy*;

I'll march beyond the *Tow'r*, and there,

Set-up, a walking *Wappineer*,

With *Ginger-Bread* and *Brandy*.

XV.

Vile that I am ! not to remove

From such, who would my *Ruin* prove,

If I should ever heed 'em ;

Unless I'd be to *Lust* a *Slave*,

Draw in the Sparks with *what I have*,

And ruin *Mother Needham*.



XVI.

Her *Grand-Mother* stood *weeping* by,  
 Then, *Prithee* *Chuck*, says she, *don't* cry;  
     Why what? we're *Both* *alive* yet;  
 Ne'er *fear*, but with a *little* *Pains*,  
 We'll get a *Livelyhood*, *Clear* *Gains*,  
     And 'spight of *Beadles*, *thrive* yet.

XVII.

And now, this *Minute*, I've a *Thought*,  
 By which, I'm sure, much may be got,  
     And *you* shall share *each* *Farthing*;  
 We'll hire this *House*, ('tis *seated* well)  
Wine, *Cakes*, and *Maidenheads*, we'll sell;  
     And make a *New-Spring-Garden*.

*The Withered PUNK:*

O R;

The 13th Ode of the Fourth Book, Imitated.

Audivere, *Lyce*, Dii mea vota ; Dii

Audivere, *Lyce*. Fis anus, &c.

I.

**L**YCE, thank Heav'n, *Old Age's Claws*  
Have mark'd your *Face*, and *wither'd*  
*Jaws*,

And yet you'd still be *Strumming* ;  
For this, *new Antick-Tricks*, you *play*,  
And at your *Window*, stand all *Day*,  
Or on your *Lute*, are *thrumming*.

II.

In vain *Rose-Water* you bestow,  
On *Parts* above, and *Parts* below,  
To make them *sweet* and *taking*;  
A *Few* (so much the *Tribe* would *fear* you)  
Would never venture to come *near* you,  
You look so like *Hung-Bacon*.

III.

*Phyllis* engrosses all our *Hearts*,  
We praise her *Cheeks*, admire her *Parts*,  
Eternal *Transports* flow *there*;  
*Love* shoots his *Arrows* from her *Eyes*,  
Or *Sentry* keeps upon her *Thighs*,  
And guards the *Pass*---You know *where*.

IV. But



IV.

But *he* disdains to come to *you*,  
For what the Devil should he do

With *Teeth* as *Black* as *Soot* ?

With *Looks* that would poor *Mortals* fright,  
And such a *Breath* would put to flight

Twelve Thousand --- *Horse* and *Foot* ?

V.

In vain the *Crimson-Velvet-Gown*,  
With all exactness, *you* put on,

And set your self most *fine* out ;

*Brilliant*s, in vain, adorn *your* *Head*,

They are, but (as th' *Old Proverb* said)

Like *Jewels* in a *Swine's Snout*.

VI. Once

## VI.

Once, I confess, I thought you *Pretty*,

And *ev'ry one* allow'd you *Witty*,

But no body e'er *fixt ye* ;

And do you look for Lovers *now*,

And do you think that *we would bow*,

To *One* that's *turn'd of Sixty* ?

## VII.

*Cloris*, with You, once *thar'd my Heart*,

But she, Triumphant did depart,

Whilst *Beauteous, Young, and Tender* ;

But you survive, to your own Shame,

And stand the *Second*, next in Fame,

And Form, to th' Witch of *Endor*;

## VIII. Soon

## VIII

Soon we shall see that *Glaring Light*,  
That once was so *intensely bright*,  
    With *lessen'd lustre Blink*,  
And laugh, whilst *viewing its decay*,  
At length we see it *make it's way*,  
    And go out in a *Stink*.







No Mother's watchful Care, conspires  
 To hinder, what our Love desires;  
 Or interrupt our Am'rous Tale,  
 By *Kisses* told, when *Speeches* fall.  
*Julia*, alone, does with me lie,  
 No fear of any Rival nigh,  
 But happy, ignorant of Sleep,  
*Love's-Vigils*, we devoutly keep.  
 Here we all other Thoughts lay down,  
 And act his Joys, unseen, alone.  
 Alone, said I! O no, the Boy  
 Hears, and is conscious of our Joy.  
 Perhaps too, ev'ry Pow'r above  
 Is witness of our Mutual Love.  
 Envy me not, ye Pow'rs Divine,  
 I do not at your Bliss repine.  
 O covet not these happy Hours,  
 My Heav'n is here—I ask not Yours.

*Julia*, Thou'rt mine, by *Venus* giv'n,  
 The churlish Gods may keep their Heav'n,  
 The Gods may keep their Heav'n above;  
 No Pow'r shall Thee, from Me, remove.  
 But have I Thee! Or do I *Dream*,  
 What Waking, is my only Theme?  
 Whether I only Dream or Wake,  
 The kind *Fruition* let us take.  
 If these are *Dreams*, still may they last,  
 Nor may the Pleasure e'er be past.  
 May this extatick Bliss ne'er cloy,  
 Nor Day-break interrupt our Joy.  
 May no untimely Thought of Pain  
 Wake me to Misery again.  
 And Thou, whoe'er shalt chance to come,  
 Urg'd by curst Fate, into my Room,  
 With clam'rous Voice, O! do not speak,  
 Nor with rude Feet my Slumbers break.



So may thy Sleep perceive no noise  
 When thou possessest Golden Joys,  
 No crowing Cock, the Day-break warn,  
 Nor thou be sensible of Morn,  
 When wallowing in *Indian* store,  
*Peruvian* Mines are in thy Pow'r,  
 And fancy'd Gold conceals the Floor.

*A WOMAN'S Ambition.*

**A**S *Jove* lay, in *Latona's* Arms,  
 Drunk with the *Nectar* of her Charms,  
 Smiling, with sense of Joy repaid,  
 Thus to the beauteous Nymph he said ;  
 My Godhead, I would freely give,  
 Encircled with these Arms to live,  
 And gladly lose immortal Cheer,  
 To revel in such Pleasures here ;

Renounce my Sun-shine, and my Skies;  
 For those, far brighter Orbs, thy Eyes;  
 Gladly would I my Pow'r resign,  
 Nor at my loss of Heav'n repine;  
 A better Heav'n, is in one Kiss,  
 And in thy Arms, more Solid Bliss.  
 She pleas'd, return'd, Immortal Jove,  
 I ask not such a Proof of Love,  
 Wish not, what soon, you may repent;  
 For me, my Wish has this extent:  
 Let but your Passion never cease,  
 And may my Charms still more increase,  
 So in your Heav'n be my abode;  
 And I be Mistress of a God.





The IXth Elegy of the IId Book of  
*Johannes Secundus*, Translated.

To SLEEP, to drive it away from  
his Mistress, lying with him.

*Somne, tenebrosa necus, &c.*

Sleep, thou Imaginary Cure of Care,  
In airy Fancies, only fair;  
Forbear to close my dozing *Julia's* Eyes,  
At least, till Shame-fac'd Morning rise,  
Mine are the promis'd Joys of these sweet Hours,  
Why would you seize what is not yours?  
Why would'st thou envy me one short-liv'd Night?  
Do not, for shame, invade my Right.

How



How hateful would thy black Embraces grow,  
 To Limbs more white than driven Snow?  
 Thee, many longing Green-sick Nymphs desire,  
 To lull their Care and quench their Fire.  
 Thee, a dull Husband's pamper'd Spouse employs  
 To dream of long-neglected Joys.  
 Each wishing Girl arriv'd at ripe Fifteen  
 All thy deluding Joys has seen;  
 Tho', yet untouch'd, she by her Mother laid,  
 And liv'd that artless Thing, a Maid,  
 Yet, when grown up, thy Pow'r she feels in Dreams,  
 And hopes that *true*, which only *seems*.  
 Rule thou the Thoughts of ev'ry other Fair,  
 But O my Mistress one Night spare.  
 She strives against thee with her utmost Art,  
 And fain would waking play her Part,  
 But thou again o'erwhelm'st her drowsy Eyes,  
 And her Words end in broken Sighs.

What

What shall I do? With what Endeavours strive

This sleepy fit from her to drive?

I'll neither draw my 'twining Arms away,

Or with those Bubbies cease to play,

But gently tweak her Fingers as she lies,

Or rub her Feet, or press her Thighs,

And wipe away that soporiferous Gum,

With which her Eyes is overcome.

Or constant Watch, upon her Eye-lids, keep,

Or mutter Charms to drive off Sleep,

Charms which a Hag, skill'd in the secret Art,

Taught me, when Young, to say by Heart,

When first she brought me to a Virgin's Bed,

And made me seize a Maiden-head.

The Golden Fleece of the *Phryxean* Sheep,

The brazen-footed Bulls did keep,

The watchful Dragon in *Hesperia's* Land,

The Guardian of the Fruit did stand.

Thou

Thou too ; by all Love's Joys, I Thee conjure  
 With watchful Care our Bliss secure,  
 Lest other Maids thy springing Hopes destroy,  
 And snatch from thee thy wish'd-for Joy.---  
 Dull Sleep, I see, is gone ---hence all my Cares :  
 Love's Burden she more easy bears.  
 Now I may freely talk what Love requires,  
 Now I may act what she desires.  
 Not yet the Moon begins to take her flight,  
 Out-rival'd by her Brother's Light ,  
 Nor yet the twinkling Stars have given way,  
 To the bright Usher of the Day,  
 Yet she again Sleep's conquer'd Victim lies,  
 Dead to my Love, deaf to my Cries.  
 See, see, the Gray-ey'd Daughter of the Dawn,  
 Arising, has Night's Curtains drawn :  
 The Moon has hid her self within the Clouds,  
 And ev'ry Star it's Lustre shrouds,



Morn's feather'd Chorister does Day-break cry

Yet *Julia* still does drowsy lie.

Thus rest those Girls whose Charms do none invite,

Thus may dull Wives protract the Night ;

But thou, my *Julia*, pass the Night in play,

Unmindful of approaching Day.

Sleep never should my heavy Eye-lids drown

Who sleeps, possesses not his own.

O wake, and let me not my Words transverse

Who sleeps, possesses not what's Hers.

What Sympathy attends our joint Desires !

See, at my Words, dull Sleep retires !

In Order, her dishevel'd Hair, she tyes,

And rubs and clears her Gummy Eyes:

O, What extatick Joys to me she deals !

Such as in *Dreams* no Virgin feels.

What *new-born Charms* o'erspread her waken'd Eyes !

How e'en from Sleep new Graces rise !

Just fo the Morn expelling fable Night,

Arises with a fresher Light.

Such beauteous Rays does *Sol* about him shed,

When he puts forth his awful Head.

So when the Moon her Face on Waters shows,

Such pleasing Charms she does disclose.

Now should a *Dream* of *Phæbus* seize my Fair,

Or Plump-cheek'd *Mercury* appear,

Should *Jove* descend, a Show'r of Gold, again,

Or, Swan-like, chaunt an am'rous strain,

*Phæbus* she would refuse, abhor the Dream,

And *Mercury* would wrinkled seem,

The tempting show'r she from her Lap would shake,

Nor pity on the Swan would take,

But all her Thoughts on me alone employ,

And chuse the more substantial Joy.

\*\*\*\*\*

B A S. XV. *From BONEFONIUS,*  
*Wherein he complains of his*  
*MISTRESS's Flight.*

*Quo sic, Diva, fugis, quo sic deserta pererras,*  
*Avia, &c.*

**W** H Y flies *my Fair!* Why traverse you  
the Plain,

Where Defart Lands, and craggy Rocks remain,

Unmindful of your self, regardless of your Swain.

Dread you no *Fauns*, who wand'ring Nymphs  
betray,

And brutish Hands around their Necks convey.

Drive them (my Dear) far from your kind Embrace,

Nor let them touch your Cheek, nor view your  
beauteous Face.



Not that, I think, you can forgetful prove,  
 But Crowds of Cares attend an Ardent Love,  
 Don't you compare him (whom Old Age has  
 drain'd,

Who sixty tedious Winters has sustain'd,  
 Whose Crown is hid with venerable Snow,  
 Whose Heart forgets to Pant, whose Juices cease  
 to flow,

Whose grisly Hairs, a Gothick Face denote,  
 Without a Satyr, but within ----no Goat )  
 To me, *my Dear*, whom no Pollutions taint,  
 But vig'rous Youth adorns, and glowing Colours  
 Paint.

Yet tho' you shun my Pray'rs, and slight my  
 Tears,

Cross my Desires, and heighten all my Fears,

No Art will bias, nor can Gold prevail,  
To make you meanly, set your Love to sale.

But you, O *Fauns*, don't violate my *Maid*,  
Nor dare these blooming Beauties to invade;  
To touch her Downy, rising Breasts, decline,  
That as I'm Hers; She may be wholly Mine.

Chuse now no more thro' trackless Woods to  
rowl,  
Joy of my Life, and Partner of my Soul.  
If shady Groves, or barren Rocks you view,  
I to those Groves, and barren Rocks pursue.  
No Rugged *Mountains* shall my Passage stop,  
Nor *Flowing Rivers*, ever quench my Hope.  
No *Falling Rains*, nor *Fiercest Storms* of *Hail*,  
Shall baulk my Thoughts, or o'er my Joys prevail,

Thro'

Thro' *Deepest Seas*, o'er *Highest Alps* of *Snow*,  
Charm'd with my *Cloris*, I'll securely go :

No raging *Dogstar* shall my *Passions* wound,  
Nor where the dismal chilling *Northern Ground*,  
Throughout the Year's in *Icy-Fetters* bound.

No *Fears* shall Seize, no childish *Terrors* Sway,  
*Love's Wings* shall gently Mount, and *Nature's*  
*Rules* obey.

But I'm deceiv'd, you don't disdain my Love,  
Nor so regardless of my *Passion* prove.  
My firm *Resolves* you may advance to try,  
Who scorn to bend, and every *Check* defy.

The *Stars* are Conscious of my *Fierce-Desire*,  
The *Woods* and *Groves* have tun'd my *Vocal Lyre*.  
Thro' *Shady Vales*, o'er *Sunny Hills*, I'll Rise,  
No *Heats* shall hinder, nor no *Frosts* surprise,

Thro'



Thro' *starless Gloom*s, thro' *trackless Waste*s I'll go,  
The lasting *Passions* of my Love to show.

You've try'd enough, those needl<sup>ess</sup> Labours spare,  
Stop from your Flight, and cease to be severe.

But Oh! she flies, ungrateful and unkind,  
Leaving my Pray'rs and flowing Tears behind,  
The subtle Sport of ev'ry rushing Wind.

Oh! *Cruel Cause* of my *Tormenting Woe*,  
In vain shall Sighs be spent, shall Tears o'erflow;  
In vain I seek an *unrelenting Fair*,  
Rack'd with her *Cold Disdain*, and lost in *Wild-  
Despair*.



\*\*\*\*\*

B A S. XX. *Wherein He says he  
never will vift his Mistress any  
more.*

*Quid O, Cupidinis Duces, &c.*

I.

**W**HY, O, ye wanton leering Eyes,  
Swift Guides to *Cupid's* Paradise,  
Me, you fo quickly have Betray'd,  
For heedlefly I Star'd and Gaz'd,  
As strangely ftruck, yet much amaz'd  
At fuch a Fair enchanting Maid.

II. *With*

## II.

With brilliant Eyes, so near Divine;  
 My *Calia* does with Splendor shine;  
 Astonisht I fell headlong down,  
 As smitten with unwonted Light;  
 My Optick Nerves despair'd of Sight;  
 And thus I wallow'd on the Ground.

## III.

Why, O my *Feet*, have you begun,  
 Such a regardless Race to run;  
 Why stopt you not my hasty going  
 Up to the *Temple* of the *Fair*?  
 Where, thro' rash Madness and despair,  
 My hasty Fate will soon be owing.



## IV.

Why, faucy *Hands*, durst you be bold,  
 To search the *Sweets* her *Bosoms* hold,  
 And touch her gently swelling *Breast*;  
 From thence a *Poison* soon distill'd,  
 My *Heart* surpriz'd, my *Inwards* fill'd,  
 And quite depriv'd my *Soul* of *Rest*.

## V.

But I, your *Folly* will restrain,  
 Your gadding, tempting, idle *Vein*,  
 And quickly cast you out of *Favour* :  
 You *Feet*, who deadly *Paths* do tread,  
 And foolish *Ways* unjustly lead,  
 I'll bind, from hence, to *Good Behaviour*.

## VI.

You silly *Hands*, I'll soon controul,  
 In straitest Bonds, no more to roul.  
 You wanton *Eyes*, shall suffer Woe,  
 No more to view my *Celia's* Face,  
 Her pleasing Mien, Her tempting Grace,  
 Whence thousand Streams of Blessings flow.

## VII.

You *Hands* must take a solemn leave  
 Of these Twin-Breasts that softly Heave;  
 You *Feet*, your former Ways shall mourn;  
 No more to *Celia's* blest Abodes,  
 The Joys of Men, the Haunt of Gods,  
 Shall you for evermore return.

\*\*\*\*\*

B A S. XXV. *Wherein He desires  
that his Mistress may be smitten  
with the same Eyes, with which  
He expires.*

*Amabo, hunc mihi commodos Ocellum.*

## I.

**L** END me, my Dear, that Eye of thine  
That Pretty, Roguish, Leering Eye,  
Where all the Loves, and Graces shine,  
Whence *Flames* proceed, whence *Arrows* fly.

## II.

Would you the Reason gladly know,  
Why I this fond Petition take,  
That I your *Darts*, and *Fires* may throw,  
Your *Wounds* inflict, your *Conquests* make.

III. Might



III.

Might I obtain my vain Desire,  
Your *Cold Disdain* I'd soon return,  
Much keener Darts your Breast should fire,  
And fiercer Flames severely Burn.

B A S. XXI. *Wherein he begs of*  
*CUPID to put an End to his Kisses.*

*An non, save puer, satis superque &c.*

I.

O H *Cupid*, Cruel and Severe,  
What burning Flames must I endure,  
Enough, too much, I'm deign'd to bear  
A Passion that admits no Cure.

II. Such

II.

Such mighty Fires consume my Soul,  
My Marrow waste, my Vitals Glow,  
Sighs can alone their Force controul,  
Or streams of Tears that hourly flow.

III.

Fan me ye gently breathing Sighs,  
My Griefs assuage, my Ills remove,  
Long have the Flames possess'd my Eyes,  
For ancient Freedom long I've strove.

IV.

Ye friendly Tears glide swiftly down,  
To cure a sickly Lover's Smart,  
In rowling Streams profusely run,  
To quench the Fires, that scorch my Heart,

V. Ah!

v.

But What can Sighs or Tears avail,  
 Such stubborn Passions to assuage,  
 The Flames which my poor Breast assail,  
 Will spend their Strength, and scorn their Rage.



B A S. XVII. *Wherein he requires  
 a Measure in Kissing.*

*Tunè Pancharidis mea Labellis.*

**U** Nhappy Soul, how dar'st thou rest  
 In my dear *Celia's* Snowy Breast;  
 How dar'st thou once aspire to sip  
 Celestial *Nectar* from her Lip,

Rowl



Rowl in the Sweets that there surround,  
Where all the Joys of Heav'n abound.

Forbear, *Unhappy Wretch*, forbear,  
For what thou deem'st Cælestial Cheer;  
The *Nectar* which her Lips present,  
The Honey from her Bosom sent,  
Are Poisons, Furies, Flames, and Darts,  
To fire our Souls, to pierce our Hearts.

Can't you perceive the Flames proceed,  
And lurking Poisons slyly spread,  
Creep thro' thy Heart, Infect thy Veins,  
Disturb thy Rest, Consume thy Reins.

Unwary thou, desir'st to draw  
Sweets far surpassing *Hybla's* Brow;

From

From my *Aurelia's* Lip and Cheek,

But ah ! Ten thousand Ills you seek. . . . .

Ye Lips and Cheeks in early Bloom,

Ye Breasts which Heav'nly Sweets perfume,

Why dart you thus your keenest Fire,

Why must your Vot'ry thus expire :

Cease then the Thunder of your Rage,

Against your Vassal to engage,

Enough you've scorch'd, enough I've bore,

Me, to my Pristine State restore;

Quench every Flame that fires my Soul,

Your subtle Poisons, streight controul.

May all your *Kisses* milder grow,

Begin to *Cheer*, but cease to *Glow*,

Yet whilst I this transporting Bliss desire,

I'm stung with Poisons, or with Flames expire.

Why must your Votry thus expire:

Scale then the number of your last

Tooth too cruel, fierce and fell,

E'en Cannibals are less severe,

**Boldness fwell, ym ot, oM**

and the Bosom of my Dear.

Your humble Poisons, freight controul.

## II.

Sheet, 115-161

with *Cupid's* joyn,

Odour meet, I find you

Path combine.

11

52A8



## III.

Thou wretched Miscreant canst not scan,  
 What num'rous Foes against thee rise,  
 Whilst my *Aurelia* leads the Van,  
 The Graces Arm, the Loves surprize;

## IV.

But Fairest, Spare your suppliant Swain,  
 Don't this triumphing Rage bestow,  
 On him, who dies with your Disdain,  
 Whose Crimes Confound, whose Sorrows Bow.

## V.

By your bright sparkling Eyes, I swear  
 Which more than Mine, I ever prize,  
 The Queen of Love may Witness bear,  
 With all the Heav'nly Deities.

VI.

Than which no Sanction's more Divine,  
None more a Zealous Lover bind,  
To Wound your Breasts, I'd no Design,  
Nor leave My angry Marks behind.

VII.

But as ( with ardour mov'd ) they rose  
With glowing Warmth, and blushing Grace,  
With eager Haste the Bliss I chose,  
And Grasp'd my Joy, with fierce Embrace.

VIII.

These are my Treasons, this my Woe,  
For which a Thousand Deaths I fear,  
A Thousand Deaths would undergo,  
Would my *Aurelia's* Presence cheer,

IX. Can

IX.

Can any Penance solve my Guilt,  
 That hapless Crime whose Lash I feel,  
 That Crimson Flood, so vilely spilt,  
 Can Ages hide, Can Art conceal,

X.

Hear fair *Aurelia*, hear your Slave,  
 Let not your fiercest Anger burn,  
 Your Charms the first Occasion gave,  
 Then let your former Smiles return,]





\*\*\*\*\*  
**BAS. VII.** *Wherein he proposes to*  
**KISS his MISTRESS** against her  
**Will.**

*Amabò, mea Lux, mei Lepores, &c.*

**M**Y Life, my Love, my Joy, my Smart,  
 The Grief, the Darling of my Heart,  
 Let me survey those piercing Eyes,  
 Which strike my Soul with strange Surprise;  
 Those glitt'ring Threads of Burnish'd Gold,  
 Let my admiring Eyes behold,  
 Those waving Ringlets I prefer  
 Before the fam'd *Apollo's* Hair,  
 Nor *Bacchus'* Locks with yours compare.

Why is my Dear, to me alone,

So Cruel and Ungrateful grown,

Thus to deny a slight Reward,

To Me your Lover, and your Bard.

Make you, my most sincere Requests,

The Sport, and Subject of your Jest:

Do you deny, because requir'd,

And show Disdain to be desir'd;

Your Conquests you will hardly boast,

Who shun the Sport, you Covet most,

Yet throughly my Desire's fulfil,

To seem to Grant against your Will;

Against your Will then, you I'll check,

And clasp my Arms about your Neck,

My Mouth to yours I'll close apply,

And Lip to Lip securely lie,

Then

**Then, tho' you Storm, and Frown, and Fret,**  
**And faintly Struggle, Rave and Threat,**  
 I'll not let go my welcome Hold,  
**'Till I've a Thousand Kisses told:**  
 Perhaps you'll Bite me, here and there,  
 Or scratch my Face, or tear my Hair;  
 But no remorseless Tooth or Nail,  
 Shall o'er my Courage once prevail,  
 The deeper Prints your Tallons leave,  
 The deeper Wounds your Teeth do give,  
 The closer Kisses I'll impart,  
 And twine around with greater Art.  
 Oh pleasing Wars, Oh heav'nly Arms,  
 Oh Happy, Happy, Love's Alarms.  
 Me, *Cælia*, would you still Possess,  
 Deny, when I desire the Bliss;  
 I'd then with eager Kisses Cloy,  
 And still repuls'd, I'd still enjoy.





B A S. XXXII *He intreats the  
Queen of Love (if by chance he  
should expire, in a Combat of  
Kisses) that she would conduct his  
Soul to the Mansion of Lovers!*

*Dum certamina mox futura verso.*

**W** Hilst future Combats I devise,  
So many Woes invade my Soul,  
Such Airy Fumes can only rise,  
Where num'rous Cups, the Sense controul.

II.

Why should my Mind fresh Dangers seek?  
Why in such gloomy Scenes abound,  
Whom ev'ry fleeting Woe can wake,  
And ev'ry future Combat wound.

## III.

O *Paphian* Goddess, at whose Shrine,  
 Each Lover freshest Incense lays,  
 Whose holy Tapers ever Shine,  
 Whose crowded Altars ever Blaze.

## IV.

If in these Am'rous Wars I stray,  
 T' augment the List of *Cupid's* slain,  
 In solemn Pomp this Soul convey  
 Where never-fading Verdures reign.



**B**A S. XXVII. *Wherein he curses  
the Muses for not increasing his  
Mistress's Affections.*

*Ite, quando nihil Juvare amantem, &c.*

**B**Egone, You no Relief afford,  
No Ease to Love's bewitching Pain,

Nor for her sick despairing Lord

Can you my *Celia's* Heart regain.

Fly to the Flames, to quick Destruction, roul

Ye Nine, the Bane of Youth, and Torment of  
my Soul.

Why should the Nymph that scorns my Suit,

For whom I sing, and sigh in vain;

(Nay, string the Harp, and tune the Lute,)

Requite my Passion with disdain;



Why should the haughty Fair command my  
Lyre,

To trace her Glories down, and spread a gen'ral  
Fire.

But You, ye Sisters of Renown,  
Who o'er the tuneful Train preside,  
In Floods or Flames directly run,  
And there for evermore abide :

Would but your Aid, to my Intreaties, joyn;  
The Field were nobly gain'd, and lovely *Celia*  
mine,

Yet what a cruel Wretch am I,  
Thus to blaspheme my Charmer's Name;  
Or with the Patrons of my Joy,  
A Prey to Furies, Floods, or Flame.

Oh!

Oh ! Shall I curse the Maid for whom I die,

Who with the *Cyprian* Queen, or modern *Belles*  
may vie.

Long live my dearest *Calia*, live

Ye Nymphs of *Pindus* Silver Stream,

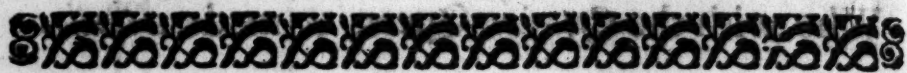
May all your ancient Rites revive,

And I pursue my Darling Theme.

Thus may you Flourish, whilst I wildly Rove,

And *Phœnix* like expire, in the fierce Flames of  
Love.





B A S. XIV. *He despises his Mistress for her Haughtiness.*

*Sic me NEÆRA contumacior Spernis, &c.*

I.

**S**TILL like NEÆRA you defy,  
Am I so despicable grown?

With cruel Pride my Passion fly,  
Disdain my Grief, and mock my Moan.

II.

I'll all your treach'rous Arts display,  
Rejoyce and Triumph in my turn,  
Your sullen Pride, with Pride repay,  
And show my Rage tho' you should burn.

III. Fare-



III.

Farewel, relentless Nymph, Farewel

Not worth the Muses Sacred Fire,

May None your softer Flames reveal,

Nor tune the Lute, nor string the Lyre.

IV.

May You your vile Pretenders keep,

The Land's Disgrace, the Muses Scorn,

May Such alone, your Anger weep,

Your Loss lament, your Absence mourn.

V.

Once more Farewel, remorseless Maid,

The Town's Reproach, the Ladies Shame,

Why do you thus my Love upbraid,

Why thus my spotless Courage blame.

VI. Why

## VI.

Why with such Pride the Youth survey,  
 Whom *Iris* with Ten thousand Charms,  
*Iris* the Fair, the Young, the Gay,  
 Would freely clasp within her Arms.

## VII.

*Iris*, the Joy of all the Plain,  
 The brightest of the Virgin Throng,  
 Inspires each Muse, alarms each Vein,  
 To whom the tuneful Train belong.

## VIII.

She, who regardless, Charms display'd,  
 By my recording Lines did rise,  
 Her Beauteous Head to Heav'n convey'd,  
 And shines in Splendour thro' the Skies.

IX.

I envy not *Catullus's* Bliss,

Nor my fair *Iris*, *Lesbia's* Praise;

Still may I taste a Joy like this,

Still may She tune my Artless Lays.

X.

But how, *NEERA*, will you burn,

Oh ! How your bitter Fate bewail ?

In vain to urge my kind return :

No Sighs shall aid, nor Tears avail :





**B A S. XXX.** Paraphras'd, *Where-  
in he complains that he has no Just  
Cause of Dying.*

*Non ego, Diva queror blanda modulamine Vocis.*

**I** Don't Complain that you my Passions raise,  
And charm my Ears with your Harmonious  
Lays,

Nor that the warbling Musick of your Throat  
Surpasses *Philomel's* enchanting Note,

No Shriller *Syren* can my Soul detain,  
No dying *Cygnets*' more deluding Strain,  
Nor when the Substance flies, that silver Sounds  
Remain.

I don't

I grieve not, Love, that I my Poison sip,  
 In heavenly *Nectar* from your Balmy Lip;  
 Whilst mine with yours in amrous Order joyn,  
 Whilst Lips with Lips, and Arms with Arms  
 entwine,  
 Your every Grace enchants, and shews your Form  
 Divine.

I don't complain that you my Soul surprize,  
 With keenest Glances from your sparkling Eyes;  
 These slighter Toys, can ne'er my Joys detain,  
 But this alone, unhappy I, complain,  
 That no just Cause shall Grace my Obsequies,  
 When once remorseless Fate has clos'd your *Stre-*  
*phon's* Eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 B A S. X. *He admires all the Sweet-  
 ness and Bitterness of Pancharilla,  
 his Mistress.*

*Cum sis mellea tota, &c.*

**W**hen thou art All so Honey-sweet,  
 Sweetness it self cannot be more,  
 Nor all th' Ambrosial Dews that yet  
 E'er dropt from *Hybla's* flow'ry Store;  
 How can those Eyes such Glances dart,  
 Such Arrows dipt in Gall dispense?  
 Or how those rose Lips impart  
 Such bitter-wounding Influence?

Again,



Again, O lovely Virgin, say,

When you so much of Gall express,

That Gall itself to you gives way,

And Bitterness itself has less;

Whence all th' Ambrosial Sweets that rise,

When you bestow the honied Kifs?

Whence the soft Influence of your Eyes,

When kindly they invite to Bliss?

Does so much Pow'r in Beauty lie,

Such Magick in a Lip and Eye,

That they with sweetest Gall can bless,

And give, with bitter Sweets, Distress?

Strange! that such different Qualities should meet,

O bitter Sweetness! Bitterness too sweet!

To

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TO ANTONIUS COTELLUS,  
a Senator of *Paris*.

*Describing the CHARMS of his  
MISTRESS, wherewith he says  
he is Captivated.*

*Nam quid dffimulem? Illa me Cotelles, &c.*

I,

**F**OR why should I the Truth conceal,  
Or hide my Tears that hourly flow,  
Since *Celia* gives the Pains I feel,  
And proudly Triumphs in my Woe.

II. *Celia,*

II.

*Calia*, the Flower of all the Fair,  
Has seiz'd my Soul by strange surprize,  
With artless Rings of Golden Hair,  
With Magick Light'ning from her Eyes.

III.

I saw, I wonder'd, and I gaz'd,  
My Pulse beat high, my Heart retir'd,  
Struck with Confusion, and amaz'd,  
With subtlest Draughts of Love inspir'd.

IV.

Her Cheeks with Orient Lustre glow,  
A modest Blush adorns her Face,  
Her artless Smiles, her awful Brow,  
Shine with an unaffected Grace.

V. Her



V.

Her snowy Skin no Paint besmeers  
 Her Blood in Azure Channels runs,  
 Her Head no borrow'd Tresses wears,  
 Her Shape all artful Lustre shuns.

VI.

The rare Perfections of her Mind;  
 Her ripen'd Wit in tender Years,  
 Where every Beauty seems combin'd,  
 And every Charm in Pomp appears.

VII.

No Gaudy Gems, no Rich Array,  
 No spangled Robes her Glories skreen;  
 Her Face a Thousand Loves survey  
 With awful Majesty serene.

VIII.

Two nobly shaded Arches rise,  
 Beneath her stately spreading Brow,  
 Where *Cupid* in close Ambush lies,  
 Directs his Shafts, and bends his Bow.

IX.

Her Ivory Teeth, in Order rare,  
 Like brilliant Pearl, compleatly shine,  
 The waving Ringlets of her Hair,  
 Proclaim her Rise from Race Divine.

X.

Her Breath with *Eastern* Odours glows,  
*Arabian* Gums her Lips perfume,  
 Her Speech with Heav'nly Musick flows,  
 Her ev'ry Grace and Air become.

## XI.

Her Neck, a curious Column, stands,  
 Whiter than Marble, Flax, or Snow,  
 Whose stately Majesty commands  
 The whole amazing Frame below.

## XII.

That round, and sweetly swelling Breast,  
 More soft than *Jove* in *Læda's* Arms,  
 When He his *Swan-like* Form possest,  
 And left his Heav'n to gain her Charms.

## XIII.

Such Breasts the Ranger of the Grove,  
 Such Breasts fair *Dione* would chuse,  
 Such Breasts the matchless *Queen of Love*,  
 On *Ida's* Top to *Paris* shews.

## XIV. These



## XIV.

These various Beauties caus'd my Chains,  
 That speak her lovely Form Divine ;  
 They pierc'd my Heart, consum'd my Reins,  
 Yet made my dearest *Celia* mine.

## XV.

Oh Pleasing Chains, Oh calm Repast,  
 Oh happy, blisful Scene of Love,  
 Whilst these transporting Raptures last,  
 I'll mate my Joys with *Jove* above.



ORIGINAL P O E M S.

By several Hands.

*An ODE on St. Cecilia's Day.  
November 22. 1699.*

*By Mr. ADDISON. Now first Prin-  
ted from the Original.*

*Set to Musick by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

**P**Repare the hallow'd Strain, my Muse,  
Thy softest Sounds, and sweetest Num-  
bers chuse;

The bright *Cecilia's* praise rehearse

In warbling words, and gliding Verse,

That

That smoothly run into a Song,  
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

First let the sprightly Violin,  
The joyful melody begin,

And none of all her strings be mute,  
While the sharp Sound, and shriller Lay,  
In sweet harmonious Notes decay,

Soften'd, and mellow'd by the Flute.

\* *The Flute that sweetly can complain,*

*Dissolve the frozen Nymph's disdain,*

*Panting Sympathy impart,*

*Till she partake her Lover's smart.*

C H O R U S.

Next let the solemn Organ joyn  
Religious Ayres, and Strains divine,

---

\* The four last Lines of the 2d and 3d Stanzas were  
added by Mr. Tate.



Such as may lift us to the Skies,

And set all Heav'n before our Eyes :

*Such as may lift us to the Skies,*

*So far at least till They*

*Descend with kind surprize,*

*And meet our pious Harmony half way.*

Let then the Trumpet's piercing Sound

Our ravish'd Ears with pleasure wound,

The Soul o'erpow'ring with Delight :

As with a quick uncommon Ray,

A streak of Light'ning clears the Day,

And flashes on the Sight,

Let Eccho too perform her part,

Prolonging ev'ry Note with Art,

And in a low expiring Strain,

Play all the Confort o'er again.

Such

Each were the tuneful Notes that hung  
 On bright *Cecilia's* charming Tongue;  
 Notes that Sacred Heats inspir'd,  
 And with Religious Ardour fir'd;  
 The Love-sick Youth, that long suppress'd  
 His smother'd Passion in his Breast,  
 No sooner heard the warbling Dame,  
 But by the Secret influence turn'd,  
 He felt a new Diviner Flame,  
 And with Devotion burn'd.  
 With ravish'd Soul, and looks amaz'd,  
 Upon her Beauteous Face he gaz'd,  
 Nor made his amorous complaint:  
 In vain her Eyes, his Heart had charm'd,  
 Her heav'nly Voice her Eyes disarm'd,  
 And chang'd the Lover to a Saint.

Grand

## Grand Chorus.

**A**ND now the Quire compleat rejoices,  
 With trembling Strings, and melting  
 Voices,  
 The tuneful ferment rises high,  
 And works with mingled melody;  
 Quick Divisions run their rounds,  
 A thousand trills, and quivering sounds,  
 In airy Circles o'er us fly,  
 Till wafted by a gentle breeze,  
 They faint and languish by degrees,  
 And at a distance dye.



Grand

The



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*The* TEARS of THYRSIS.

*An Elegiac* ODE.

By Mr. F O X T O N.

**T**HE rising Moon in Silver glow'd,  
 And softness smil'd on every Cloud,  
 When round the Church, young *Thyrsis* stray'd,  
 And thus his Lamentation made.

I'll wander round each secret Glade,  
 And mourn in every darksome Shade,  
 'Till all the Grottoes and the Grove,  
 Shall sound aloud disastrous Love.

The charming Beauty, I admir'd,  
 Whose brilliant Eyes soft Love inspir'd,  
 Lies silent now, all Cold and Pale,  
 And Horror fills the Flow'ry Vale:

The Flow'ry Green where *Cupids* play'd,  
 And all the softer Graces stray'd,  
 Where beauteous Nymphs in Confort mov'd,  
 With neighb'ring Swains they dearly lov'd.

That Green has lost its gay Attire,  
 No blooming Nymph, no tuneful Choir,  
 But rising Mists the Vale o'er spread,  
 And Lillies bend their drooping Head.

The Bower of Beauty now is still,  
 The Birds amaz'd forget to Trill,  
 But move the Veil from *Lucia's* Eyes,  
 And their sweet Airs shall pierce the Skies.

But ah, alas ! The envious Gloom,  
 Still hovers round her Silent Tomb ;  
 She's laid to Rest, the Curtain's drawn,  
 And lasting Night expects no Dawn.

Farewel, thou darling of my Heart,  
 Fate has decreed that we should part,  
 For thy dear Sake I'll Weep and Mourn,  
 Or watch in Silence near thy Urn.

When Mortals bath their Limbs in Sleep,  
 Upon thy Grave, I'll Vigils keep,  
 Then sigh to think couldst thou but rise,  
 What Joys would sparkle in my Eyes.

What Transports then would warm my Breast,  
 Tho' now so dismal and distressed,  
 One Glance of thine would cure my Woe,  
 And make large Tides of Rapture flow.



But thou'rt detain'd in Icy Chains,  
 Death's cruel Hand has chill'd thy Veins;  
 I never more must hear thy Voice,  
 At that dear sound, no more rejoice,

Ev'n now when *Cynthia's* chequer'd Beams,  
 With silver Paint adorns the Streams,  
 With paler Beauties shades the Woods,  
 And dances on the Chrystal Floods,

No chearful Ray can reach thy Face,  
 Or Beauty gild the darksome Place,  
 Where *Lucia* lies in Shades below,  
 Nor once regards her Lovers Woe.

But could my *Lucia* view my Tears,  
 Did my loud Sighs once pierce her Ears,  
 The tender Maid in haste would rise  
 With her soft Hand to wipe my Eyes.

I'll deck thy Tomb with ev'ry Flower,  
 And turn it to a pleasant Bower,  
 The spotless Rose shall crown the rest,  
 And shine as once on *Lucia's* Breast,

Attend some Angel as she lies,  
 With filken Charms to shade her Eyes,  
 Soft be her Slumbers, sweet her Dreams,  
 Of lulling Joys, and blisful Themes.

When in the purling Stream I look,  
 With Tears, I swell the bubling Brook;  
 Sigh to the Musick of the Wood,  
 And murmur to the rolling Flood,

And now, deluding World farewell,  
 I'll hide me in some lonely Cell,  
 Still, and retir'd, as *Lucia's* Grave,  
 And solemn as the Hermit's Cave.

Or rather, Sexton take thy Spade,  
And let my Grave be quickly made,  
Virgins attend all drest in White,  
And bury me at Noon of Night.

When no kind Star the Darkness gilds,  
Nor tracks of Light shoot cross the Fields;  
Only the Funeral Torches blaze,  
To mix with Death's malignant Rays.

Fond *Thyrsis* then will cease to Weep,  
No more shall lonely Vigils keep,  
No more shall mark the Midnight Sky,  
No more shall Love, no more shall Die.





*Lesbia's SPARROW.*

*From CATULLUS.*

**M**ourn all ye *Venuses* and *Cupids*, mourn  
Ye Nymphs to more than Mortal Beauty  
Born.

See! gasping now, my wanton Chirper lies,  
My Love, my *Lesbia's* pretty Trifle Dies,  
The Bird, which more than her own Eyes, she Lov'd  
The darling Bird, which oft so fondly mov'd  
Its eager Wings, to its known Mistress flew,  
Its Mistress scarce so well her Mamma knew.  
The Amorous Sparrow, constant to my Fair,  
Hopp'd up her Arms, and nestled in her Hair,  
Then crept between her Breasts, and rested there.

With

With none but *Lesbia*, would it sport and play,  
 And chirp its little flutt'ring Life away.  
 Untimely snatcht to dreary Realms of Night,  
 Doom'd never to return to upper Light,  
 O racking Thought ! O ever hated Shades,  
 Thus cruel Death the prettiest Things invades.  
 Cruel accursed Deed — my *Sparrow* Dead,  
 For this my *Lesbia* hangs her drooping Head.  
 For this, with mis-becoming Tears she cries,  
 And bloats those Charms that glitter'd from her  
 Eyes.





B A S. XVIII. *From* Bonifonius,

*He curses the Beauty of his MI-*  
 S T R E S S, *with which he was so*  
*captivated.*

**H**ail! ye bright curls of Golden Hair;  
 Ringlets that grace my Golden Fair;  
 And, hail, those Eyes that shoot Desire,  
 And gleam with Rays of wanton Fire!  
 Hail, those smooth, rising, Breasts of Snow,  
 That bright as *Cytherea's* show!  
 Those Lips, that Purple's Bloom impair,  
 And, hail! each *other Charm* you wear.



Or curse, those Ringlets of Desire,

Perish, those Lamps of wanton Fire;

Those little, swelling Hills of Snow,

Lips, that beyond the Purple glow.

Perish, each other Charm you boast;

Since I, with Looking on, am Lost.



The

*The ANGLERS. A Ballad.*

*Written in the Year, 1664.*

*To the Tune of AMARYLLIS.*

OF all the *Recreations* which  
 Attend on *Human Nature*,  
 There's nothing Soars so high a pitch,  
 Or is of such a Stature,  
 As is a *Subtle Angler's Life*,  
 In all Men's *Approbation*;  
 For *Anglers Tricks*, do daily mix,  
 With every *Corporation*.

When *Eve*, and *Adam* liv'd by *Love*,  
 And had no Cause for *Jangling*,  
 The *Devil* did the *Waters* move,  
 The *Serpent* fell to *Angling*;  
 He *Baits* his *Hook*, with *God-like look*,  
 Quoth he, this will *Intangle* her;  
 The *Woman* chops, and down she drops;  
 The *Devil* was first an *Angler*.

*Phy-*

*Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,*  
 Are most ingenious *Fanglers*;  
 And he that tries, shall find in fine,  
 That all of them are *Anglers*;  
 Whilst grave *Divines* do *Fish* for *Souls*,  
*Physicians*, like *Curmudgeons*,  
 Do bait with *Health*, to *Fish* for *Wealth*,  
 And *Lawyer* *Fish* for *Gudgeons*.

A *Politician*, too, is *One*,  
 Concern'd in *Piscatory*;  
 He *Writes* and *Fights*, *Unites* and *Slights*,  
 To purchase *Wealth* and *Glory*;  
 His *Plummet* Sounds the *Kingdom's* *Bounds*,  
 To make the *Fishes* *nibble*;  
 He draws 'em with a *Paste* of *Lies*,  
 And he blinds *them* with the *Bible*.

A *Fisherman* subdued a *Place*,  
 In spite of *Locks* and *Staples*,  
 The Warlike *Massanello* was  
 A *Fisherman* of *Naples*,  
 Commanded forty thousand *Men*,  
 And prov'd a *Royal Wrangler*;  
 You ne'er shall see the like agen,  
 Of such a famous *Angler*.

Upon



Upon the *Change*, 'twixt Twelve and One,  
 Meets many a neat *Intangler*;  
 Most *Merchant-men*, not One in Tne  
 But is a cunning *Angler*,  
 And (like the *Fishes* in the Brook)  
*Brother* doth *fish* for *Brother*;  
 A golden *Bait* hangs at the *Hook*,  
 And they *fish* for one another.

A *Shopkeeper* I next prefer,  
 A formal Man in *Black Sir*,  
 That throws his *Angle* every where,  
 And cries *What is't you lack Sir*,  
*Fine Silks* and *Stuffs*, or *Hoods* and *Muffs*,  
 But if a *Courtier* prove th' *Intangler*.  
 My *Citizen* must look to't then,  
 Or the *Fish* will catch the *Angler*.

A *Lover* is an *Angler* too,  
 And *baits* his *Hook* with *Kisses*;  
 He plays and Toys, and fain would do,  
 But often times he misses;  
 He gives her *Rings*, and such fine things,  
 As *Fan* or *Muff*, or *Night-hood*:  
 But if you'll cheat, a *City Peat*,  
 You must bait her with a *Knight-hood*.

There

There is no *Angler*, like a *Wench*  
 Stark-naked in the *Water*;  
 She'll make you leave both *Trout* and *Tench*,  
 And throw your self in after;  
 Your *Hook* and *Line*, she will confine,  
 Th' *intangled* is the *Intangler*,  
 And this I fear, hath spoyl'd the *Ware*  
 Of many a jovial *Angler*.

If you'd *Trowl*, for a *Scriveners* *Soul*  
 Cast in a rich young *Gallant*;  
 To take a *Courtier* by the *Powle*,  
 Throw out a *Golden Talent*;  
 And yet I doubt, the *Draught* will not  
 Compound for half the charge on't:  
 But if you'll *catch*, the *Devil* at a *snatch*,  
 Go *bait* him with a *Serjeant*.

Thus have I made, the *Anglers* *Trade*  
 To stand above *Defiance*;  
 For like the *Mathematick* *Art*,  
 It runs through every *Science*.  
 If with my *Angling* *Song*, I can  
 With *Mirth* and *Pleasure* seize ye,  
 I'll *Bait* my *Hook* with *Wit* again,  
 And *Angle* still to please ye.

F I N I S.



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